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eater and London's bouts with John Barleycorn. The "intellectual being" does not seem the more agreeable.

Finally Jack London's deepest trait was sincerity. Sincerity is the prime virtue of the primitive. Reserve is the affectation of the barbarian. Irony is the vice of the civilized.

And so one may conclude that London was one of those gifted persons with a deep vein of the primitive in them and a sufficiently sturdy civilized heredity to enable them to cope successfully with the conditions that the civilized have mainly created. Was he one of the great interpreters of human nature? For this is the real test. The answer, one thinks, must be that on the whole the primitive was too strong in him, not balanced with sufficient delicacy against the civilized element. Despite his eager mentality, his intense philosophizing, he did not attain a literary poise. Refinement of taste, a certain aloofness of soul—things which Shakespeare (to make an unfair comparison) miraculously understood as well as he understood primal motives—he never perfectly comprehended. To the end he seems to have had a somewhat childlike faith in instinct along with a somewhat childlike faith in logic—"Convince me," he would say. "Just show me where I am wrong." The red-blooded theme was somewhat overstressed; the materialism and the socialism—phases of intellectual virility, no doubt—seemed shallow. His synthesis was not complete—he was not quite one of the great interpreters, though he had the twin nature and the divine unrest. God rest him!

As for the book as biography, it is such a thing as no man could write, being both utterly frank and not at all critical. The truth is all there, and there is no concealment, no bias, but the narrative manages to be all eulogy. It is a great book for warm admirers of London, and a great love story. We have had in recent years several remarkably frank biographies, but the frankness of biography can never have quite the same value as the frankness of autobiography.

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JULIEN T. DAVIES: MEMORIAL OF A LEADER OF THE BAR. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The experienced in such matters know that the hardest man to write about is the admirable man. The biographical sketch of a mighty and gifted scoundrel is a golden opportunity for the literary man and a feast for his readers. Strong contrasts are the particolored raiment of readable biography and small eccentricities are its gems. The just man seldom gets his due. No one wrote a biography of Aristides, while the sins of Alcibiades are written in gold all over the history of Athens. The life of Benvenuto Cellini will always be read for its entertainment and for its vivid revelations, and that of John Wilkes furnishes a biographer with many an effective opportunity for laudation.

And so Mr. Auerbach has undertaken an unusually difficult task, for the subject of his sketch is an all-round admirable man, a great and good man, not

showily conspicuous, a man too like what most of us desire to be to permit of much praise without either affected eloquence or dull commonplace.

Mr. Auerbach, however, has discharged his difficult task not only with spirit, but with singular success. He says simple things well. He limns with distinguished clearness plain ideals of intellect and honor; he makes us feel that the good man, the pillar of society, the salt of the earth is simple in principle but complex in mind, and that his problems are none of the simplest. Successful goodness, honorable success, are organized achievements, not the easy outflowing of untempted minds or happy dispositions; and every such accomplishment ought to stand out like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

Of Mr. Davies he says: "To be in doubt as to the propriety of a course of conduct was to be resolved against it; and his whole life was a rebuke to the shallow cynicism that the law is what is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." It is an unobtrusively big saying, for the dry-rot in our lives is not so much rascality as cynicism and professional narrowness. And in a day in which lawyers are perhaps the least popular of expert and hard-working men, Mr. Auerbach, without at all writing *pro domo*, has truly represented the ideal of the good lawyer as approaching more nearly that of the "happy warrior" than is commonly deemed possible.

The little memorial of Julien Davies will be preserved as a just and fitting estimate, and, like few such tributes, will sometimes be read for its literary—that is, its essential—merit.

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**TURKEY: A WORLD PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.** By Talcott Williams. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Mr. Williams knows Turkey, and he has faith in the United States. Consequently he wants the United States to accept a "receivership" for Turkey. The term seems ill-chosen. Most of us would rather accept a mandate than a receivership any day. But then Mr. Williams is not the king of phrase-makers: he is just an exceptionally interesting and well-informed writer. He urges his point persuasively, vibrates the strings of our better natures—and leaves us unconvinced.

Geographically and economically, the situation of Turkey is such that no one Power may venture to take it all. "The attempt would bring a European coalition." But, on the other hand, "no division can be anything but temporary. . . . A network of agreements as to railroad rates, concessions, and loans to native governments is needed to provide for, but cannot prevent, future friction between France and England over Mesopotamia and Syria." There are many other and similar aspects, of course. On the whole, it is a very pretty problem, and what Power can solve it if not America?

History shows that under ordinary circumstances civilization is of slow development. While England went through centuries of political experience, the German Empire was a forced growth. We cannot expect the Turkish region to